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PLAINS OJIBWA TALES.

BY ALANSON SKINNER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE accompanying tales were collected from the Plains Ojibwa (Bûngi) Indians residing on the Long Plains Reserve, Manitoba, during June and July, 1913. They were obtained from Dauphin Myran, Joe Countois, Piziki, Joe Pasoin, and, above all, from Ogimáuwini. They represent the folk-lore of one of the Western bands of Ojibwa in contact with the Plains peoples, and themselves in a transitional stage between plains and forest culture.¹ One of the tales was collected at Odanah, Wis.; another one at Manitowoc, Wis.; and the provenience of these tales is indicated in the text.

The stories are published by permission of the American Museum of Natural History, under whose auspices the expedition was made.

I. TALES OF THE CULTURE-HERO.

(1) *Nänibozhu and the Shut-Eyed Dance.*²

Once Nänibozhu was travelling, and he thought he would try to fool the birds that fly. He met a goose: "*Nicim*, I've brought a fine dance to you. It's called Shut-Eye Dancing." All the birds came to his call, and during the dance he sang, "Let the fat ones all come together! Whoever opens his eyes, or even winks, will have red eyes, and he'll never be able to shut them again."

When they danced by, he grabbed them and wrung their necks. When he killed one, he would shove it under the ashes. Meantime some one was stealing his birds, breaking off their legs, and putting them back. There was one bird that peeped and saw; and when he heard the noise, he cried, "Nänibozhu is killing us!" and all fled, but only a few were left to flee. After this, Nänibozhu lay down to sleep, and told his anus to warn him if any one came. In the morning he looked, and found that the geese were all gone. He was angry at his anus, so he burned it to punish it; and it cried, "*Tciiii, t-c-i!*" — "Oh, now you're squealing! Why didn't you tell me when some one was stealing my birds?" He started off then, but the bushes scratched his anus till it itched. He found some meat on the bushes when he

¹ See "The Cultural Position of the Plains Ojibway," by Alanson Skinner (AA 16: 314-318).

² See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 101, 169, 409).

turned around, and he ate this. The birds laughed, "Oh, Nānibozhu is eating his scabs!"

(2) *Nānibozhu and the Cranberries.*¹

He went on to the river. He saw some berries: so he dived with his mouth open, but only got a mouthful of mud. He looked again, and tried, and this time he got another bite of mud. He thought a while, looked up, and saw some berries hanging on the top of the bank. He reached up and plucked some, and they tasted fine: so he said, "The Indians shall call you cranberry, and they will all always like you."

(a) *Nānibozhu as Duped Diver.*²

Nānibozhu was travelling along, when he came to a large river. When he arrived at the brink, he saw that the water looked very beautiful and red: so he thought he would plunge in. The water, however, was very shallow: so when he dived, he scraped his face on the sharp stones at the bottom. He got up stunned and bleeding, holding his head with his hands, and trying to see out of his swollen eyes. As he looked up on the bank, he saw bushes filled with red cranberries hanging over the edge, and it was the reflection of this fruit that made the water so red and tempting. So he came out, and started out again.

(3) *Nānibozhu and the Winged Startlers.*³

He went on. Soon he saw some partridges, and he asked them (they were little ones on their nest), "What's your name?" — "Pinā." — "What is your other name? Every one has two names." — "Kuskungese (startling), that's my name." Nānibozhu didn't believe him. "You're not that kind." He turned about and defecated upon them.

(4) *Nānibozhu and the Buzzard.*⁴

He saw a fine bird as he walked; it was Wina^{ge} the buzzard he saw. "Brother, can't you take me way up there?" — "Yes, I can." So he took Nānibozhu up. Finally the bird got tired, but Nānibozhu wanted to go on up. Then the bird turned, and down Nānibozhu fell. Nānibozhu wished he might fall in a soft place, saying, "I made the world." He did fall in a soft place.

¹ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 117, 179); for other references, see Boas, BBAE 59: 306).

² See BBAE 59: 306 (note 1).

³ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 41, 187); for other references, see Boas, BBAE 59: 293 (note 2).

⁴ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 133).

He went along, and saw a river with a great gorge. So he went back, and said, "If any one promises me a fine young girl, I'll jump it." The Partridges came, and saw what he was up to: so when he returned a second time, when at the edge, the Partridges sneaked up to him. "If some one would give me Ukimawas, I would jump it." He hesitated until the fourth time, when up rose the Partridges with a "whooo!" and Nänibozhu fell over the edge in fright, but fell in soft sand.

(a) *Nänibozhu and the Buzzard.*¹

Then he looked up, got up, and climbed the hill. Then he turned himself into a dead moose. All the birds came to eat. He opened his eyes from time to time. Finally Buzzard came, and all the birds left. The bird could only find flesh at Moose's anus, but feared it might be Nänibozhu, and held back; then he pecked cautiously, then he got busy; and Nänibozhu caught him and came to life, and walked off with one bird hanging with flapping wings. Nänibozhu had him two days. "Oh, I might kill my brother!" he thought. So he looked at him, and found the hair all worn off his head. "Now I'm even with you!" he cried, and added, "You were the finest bird I ever saw, but now you'll be the most disgusting and evil-smelling bird. There'll be no quills on your head forever, you'll be called 'Wisnä'ge', and you'll eat carrion." That is the end.

(b) *Wenibozo and the Buzzard.*

(Collected at Odanah, Wis.)

Wenibozo, having seen all the earth and the water, wished to explore the air: so he begged the Buzzard to take him aloft. Buzzard agreed, on condition that Wenibozo would make himself very small, which was done.

Then Buzzard took his rider so high in the sky, that he felt dizzy and faint, and fell asleep. Buzzard then meanly placed his slumbering friend on the edge of a precipice, so that Wenibozo would fall off the moment he awoke; but somehow Wenibozo saved himself, and was furious when he discovered the trick that had been played on him.

In order to be revenged, Wenibozo turned himself into a dead bull, and lay where Buzzard would see him. Sure enough, Buzzard came and pecked out Wenibozo's eyes; but the hero did not stir until Buzzard thrust his head up Wenibozo's rectum. Thereupon Wenibozo contracted his muscles; and Buzzard, in his struggles to get loose, pulled all the feathers from his head, which has been bare ever since.

¹ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 137).

(5) *Nänibozhu and Rabbit.*

Nänibozhu was travelling one day, when he saw a tiny tent of grass: so he peeped in, and saw a little rabbit. "Hau, little rabbit, I'll kill you now!" said he, and he drew his knife; but the rabbit ran between his legs. In trying to hit him, Nänibozhu split the end of his own mentula. "Well, well," said he, "all men shall be like this forever."

(6) *Nänibozhu and the Wolves.*¹

Nänibozhu was travelling along, when he came to a family of Wolves, and he decided to live with them. He called the eldest Wolf his younger brother.² When it became winter, he suffered very much from the cold: so one night he said to the old Wolf, "My younger brother (*nise*), I am very cold." They were all sleeping together in a snow-bank: so the old Wolf said to one of his sons, "Throw your tail over your uncle!" The young Wolf obeyed; and Nänibozhu was soon warm enough, and fell asleep. Soon, however, Nänibozhu became too warm, and perspired exceedingly, until he awoke. "That confounded old tail!" he cried, throwing it to one side, "it's too warm for me!" After that he felt more comfortable, and fell asleep once more, only to awake colder than ever. "O my younger brother!" he cried, "I am perishing with the cold." Wolf awoke, and again ordered his son to throw his tail over Nänibozhu. "Oh! I was covering him, but he pushed my tail away," said the young Wolf. "Oh, well! it makes no difference," replied his father, "cover him again." Nänibozhu now felt comfortable once more, and soon fell asleep, only to awake in a little while, all hot and sweaty. "That confounded old tail is too hot for me!" he cried, pushing it away impatiently, and fell asleep again. In a short time he was awake once more, and nearly frozen. "O my younger brother! I am perishing with the cold." So the old Wolf awoke, and ordered his son to cover Nänibozhu with his tail. "Oh! I was covering him," replied the son, "but he thrust my tail away." — "That is of no consequence," retorted his father, "cover him again." So the young Wolf obeyed.

A third time Nänibozhu awoke, hot and sweaty. "That confounded old tail is too hot for me!" he cried, shoving it off, and fell asleep, only to awake half dead with cold. "O my younger brother! this cold is making an end of me," he cried; and the old Wolf woke up, and ordered his son to cover Nänibozhu with his tail. "But I have been doing it!" cried the young Wolf, "and he only thrusts it away." — "That is a matter of no importance," ordered the elder Wolf, "cover him again." So the younger Wolf obeyed, and they slept in peace till morning.

¹ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 73, 235, 373).

² Wolf-Brother, some say "uncle."

In the morning, when they arose, Nänibozhu informed his younger brother the Wolf that he was about to depart. "But you must give me one of your sons for a companion." — "Oh, you may have him, *do'zim!*"¹ So Nänibozhu took the young Wolf with whom he had slept for his chum, and they hunted together.

(7) *The Death of the Wolf.*²

One night Nänibozhu had a dream. So in the morning he called his nephew, and said to him, "I have had a vision concerning you. You must never try to go across the water. You must not try to cross even a very small brook. Do not even attempt to jump across any water, however narrow and shallow it may be." The young Wolf remembered Nänibozhu's words very well for a time; but one day, when he was pursuing some elk, they bounded across a narrow rivulet, and the young Wolf leaped after them, forgetting his uncle's injunction. Straightway the brook became a broad river; and he fell in the centre, and was dragged down by the Micikenebikuk, the great horned snakes.

In the mean time Nänibozhu waited in his tent for his nephew to return; and when he did not come back, Nänibozhu wondered and wondered what had detained him. "It must be that he has tried to cross a stream," thought Nänibozhu to himself. So at last he went out to search for the young Wolf. He tracked him until he found where the youth had started the elk, and he followed their trail until he came to the great river at last. Then Nänibozhu knew what had happened, and he determined to be revenged.

There was a certain place on the river-bank where the horned snakes were wont to come out and sun themselves. So Nänibozhu went to this spot, and there turned himself into an old dry stump. When the sun came out warm, the big snakes crept out; but one of them saw the stump. "Oh, that must be Nänibozhu!" he whispered to the others; and they all crawled back to their den.

The next day they came out once more, and again they spied the stump. "Oh, Nänibozhu must be there yet!" they cried, and scuttled off to their lair.

On the third day there were some who said, "Pshaw! that stump has been there always, it was there before we came to the place;" but there were others who argued, "No, that stump is Nänibozhu, it has only stood there a few days." — "We can remember it when we first came," said the others. "Well, if it is there to-morrow, we shall believe it was always there," said the rest.

¹ *Dozim*, "nephew;" that is, brother's son.

² See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 89, 251, 389).

The next day the stump was still there, and some of the snakes came out and saw it. They went back at once and told the others; and so they all squirmed out on the sand-bank, and basked in the sun until they fell asleep. Then Nänibozhu came to life, and, taking his bow, he slipped in among the sleeping snakes and shot the largest three. Then he fled as fast as he could, while the rest of the snakes plunged into the river. The rest of the snakes gathered basswood-bark, and stretched strings all over the world for Nänibozhu to stumble over, and thus warn them of his whereabouts.

(8) *Nänibozhu slays Toad-Woman.*¹

By and by Nänibozhu, finding that he was not pursued, came sneaking back. As he drew near the place where he shot the snakes, he met an old woman carrying a load of basswood (*wikop*) bark on her back. She was singing to herself, —

“Nänäbuc² okípimaun”

(“Nänäbuc fired [at the snakes]”)

“Grandma (*noko*), what are you carrying on your back?” asked Nänibozhu. “Oh!” cried the old lady in terror, “you must be Nänibozhu!” — “Oh, no! grandma, I am not Nänibozhu,” the hero replied. “If Nänibozhu were here, he would kill you. What is that you have on your back for?” — “Oh,” replied the old crone, “they’re going to stretch this basswood all over the world to try to find Nänibozhu.”

“Why are you singing?” asked Nänibozhu. “Why, this Nänibozhu has shot some manitous with his arrows,” the old woman replied, “and they want me to try to cure them; that’s why I’m singing ‘Nänäbuc’ okítcimaun!’ When I’ve done that, I’ll take a hold of the ends of the arrows with my teeth and pull them out.”

So Nänibozhu began to repeat the song, —

“Nänäbuc’ okítcimaun!” —

until he had learned it well. Then he killed the old lady and skinned her, and crawled into her skin himself. Then he made his way directly to the snake village, and went in, all doubled up and tottering. There were some children playing there; and as soon as they saw him, they began to shout, “O granny, granny! they’ve been waiting, waiting, waiting, here for you.”

“O my little grandchildren! lead me there,” begged Nänibozhu. “I am so old, and my eyes are so sore, I cannot see very well.” So the

¹ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 145, 261, 399).

² Observe the similarity of the abbreviation Nänäbuc’ to the Menominee regular form of the name of the culture-hero, Mä’näbus.

little boys took him by the hand and led him to a seat where a very, very old hag was staying; and she was none other than Omuhaki, the toad.

Nänibozhu stumbled by her. "Oh, where are you going? that is the wrong way," she cried. So a young man was called. "Grandma, I've come for you," he said. "Oh, then you lead me!" said Nänibozhu. "I can't see, I've cried so much." So the youth took him by the hand, and conducted him to a great tent.

When they got there, he saw his nephew's skin stretched for the door-covering, and he burst into tears. Then, when he got inside, they offered him food; and what they gave him to eat was his son's legs and feet, so he wept the more. When the meal was over, Nänibozhu prepared to make his medicine. He informed all those who had gathered there that it was necessary for him to be all alone with the patients while he attempted their cure. So the other snakes went out. Then Nänibozhu began to sing, —

"Nänäbuc' okípimaun!"

He pretended to pull the arrows out, but he really went up to each of the chiefs, and shoved the arrows in until he died.

Then he got up and went back to old lady Toad's tent. "*Nih e'!* all of our chiefs are dead!" he cried. The old woman stared at Nänibozhu as he entered. "Why do you do that?" he asked. "Oh, I really believe you are Nänibozhu!" she exclaimed. "Oh, for that matter, I think you are right!" replied Nänibozhu; and he stripped off his disguise, and killed the old lady then and there. Then he snatched up his nephew's skin and fled at top speed, jumping over the basswood strings that had been spread to betray him. Of each one he inquired, "Are there any more of you ahead?" and each would reply, "Yes," until he came to the last one, which answered, "No." Then Nänibozhu took hold of the last string and pulled it.

"Oh! *ihe'!* Nänibozhu is pulling our string!" cried all the manitous, and they sent the water rising after him. In the mean time Nänibozhu fled at top speed, but the flood gained upon him at every stride. As he fled, he saw a large old woodchuck digging away in the side of a hill.

"O my younger brother! our lives are in danger, unless you save me," he cried. So Woodchuck began to tunnel into the hill, with the hero at his heels. But Woodchuck sent the earth flying out behind, and filled the eyes of Nänibozhu.

"Oh, hold on, my little brother!" cried he, "you are blinding me." — "What did you say?" asked Woodchuck without stopping. "You are blinding me!" cried Nänibozhu. "Eh, what?" asked Woodchuck without turning or pausing. "I say, you are throwing

dirt in my eyes!" — "Oh, yes! that's true," answered Woodchuck, never ceasing. "Confound you, you big vulva!" roared Nänibozhu in a rage, and he kicked Woodchuck to death.

Now Nänibozhu was at the mercy of the water, so again he fled before the flood. The waves were almost at his heels, when he came to a tall pine-tree and climbed to its top, with the deluge mounting behind him.

"Oh, extend yourself, my little brother!" he begged of the tree, and it shot up to double its former height. The water, however, kept pace with the tree: so Nänibozhu begged it to extend again, and again the tree increased itself by once its former height. Again the water rose; and once more Nänibozhu besought the tree to extend itself, and it became four times its former height. Now it could do no more, and the water rose to the hero's feet. Then all at once Nänibozhu felt an overwhelming desire to defecate, and he did so. Still the water rose, and at last it was up to his chin. Then Nänibozhu felt something drifting against his mouth. He put up his hand and pushed it away. It was his own excrement.

Nänibozhu had succeeded in saving four animals, which he kept on the tree with him. They were a beaver, an otter, a loon, and a muskrat. So he asked the otter to dive down and fetch him up a little earth from the bottom, that he might make land for them to live upon. The otter obediently went down; but after a long time it came up, quite dead, and unsuccessful. Then Nänibozhu took the otter in his hands and blew upon it, and it came to life. Next he asked the beaver to fetch him some dirt, but it too was unsuccessful: so Nänibozhu brought it to life. Then he asked the loon, which also failed; but he brought it to life. Then Nänibozhu determined to try the muskrat; and it dived, and was gone a long time. When it came up, it was quite dead; but Nänibozhu found the least little bit of soil in its paws. He blew on the muskrat and brought it to life; then he took the dirt, but it was hardly enough.

"O my younger brother! I am afraid you will have to go again," he cried. Muskrat was unwilling, however; but Nänibozhu exclaimed, "Oh, do not be afraid, my little brother! I can make you alive again."

The muskrat dived, and soon came up again drowned, with just a little mud in its paws. Then Nänibozhu restored the muskrat, and took the earth, and made the poor animal dive again. When the muskrat had dived four times, then there was enough earth for Nänibozhu to work with. He threw the dirt about until the world started to grow.

Then he picked up the wolf's hide and blew upon it, and brought his nephew to life. "Now, I am going to send you to run around the world to see how big it is," he said. The young Wolf set out; and

when he got back, he had been gone so long that he was middle-aged. Still Nänibozhu was not satisfied. "No, it is not big enough yet, you'll have to try again," he ordered. This time, when the Wolf returned, he was very old, and he was only able to totter to his uncle's feet; and there he fell down, and expired of sheer old age. But Nänibozhu made him alive and young again.

"Hau, nephew! Now you shall be called Maiingan, a wolf, by the people," and Nänibozhu let him go.

Then Nänibozhu went away, I do not know where; but I saw the wolf running.¹

(9) *Nänibozhu and the Tree-Holders.*²

Once, when Nänibozhu was travelling, he met a virginia deer. The deer was frightened, and started to run away; but Nänibozhu called to it. "Hold on, *nicim*, my younger brother! I want to tell you something. They're killing each other where I came from. They're acting like this," he added, coming up close to the deer, which had stopped to hear the news, and drawing his bow. "Just this way they accomplish it, my younger brother." With these words Nänibozhu let go of his bowstring; and the arrow pierced the deer, which started and fell dead. He whipped his knife from his sheath. "Oh!" laughed he, "there was no one doing it at all."

So he butchered the deer and cooked it all, turning the meat with a stick. Although he was exceedingly hungry, Nänibozhu determined not to eat a bit of the meat until it was all prepared. However, from time to time he could not resist the temptation to run through his lips the turning-stick, which was covered with juice. This made him very angry with himself; and each time he did it he would slap his mouth, and cry out, "You are awfully hungry!"

When he was all ready, he made a birch-bark dish to use, and poured the gravy into it. He went to a tree that had been blown down near by and hid the dish beneath it; then he went back, cut himself a piece of venison, and sat down to eat. Just then he noticed a strange noise — "kip, kip!" — that annoyed him. He took the food from his mouth and set it down, while he searched for the source of his discomfort. Two branches on a tree near by were rubbing together in the breeze, thus causing the noise: so Nänibozhu climbed up and tried to pull them apart. As he was tugging, his hand slipped in between them, and he was firmly caught by the wrist. Nänibozhu tugged and pulled, but he could not get loose.

In the mean time a pack of wolves were hunting in the neighborhood, and presently they came by that way. When they saw Nänibozhu

¹ Narrated by Dauphin Myran, assisted by Ne'nawigabo.

² See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 117, 159).

hanging there in the tree, they said to one another, "Oh, there's Nānibozhu! he must have meat." So they came up and found the venison, which they ate to the last morsel, excepting the head. As they were famished, Nānibozhu, in hopes of saving his broth, called after them, "*He*, brothers! It's no use looking under the trees." — "Oh! he must have something else hidden there," said the wolves to one another. So they came back, and snuffed hungrily around until they found and ate all the soup and grease. Then they scampered off.

As soon as they were out of sight, Nānibozhu pulled loose with the greatest of ease, and came down from the tree; but there was nothing left of the deer excepting its head, which the wolves had overlooked. In order to get at the brains the better, Nānibozhu turned himself into a little garter-snake, and began to eat them through the opening at the base of the skull. He put his head inside; and so intense was his satisfaction, that presently he forgot himself and became a human being again. Of course, the deer's skull was stuck over his head, and, try his hardest, he could not get it off. In this condition he could not see anything, but he determined to find his way to the river. As he stumbled along, he bumped into a tree.

"What are you?" he asked, and the tree replied. "How far are you from the river?" was his next question. "O my elder brother! I am very near," the tree replied. So Nānibozhu stumbled on until he came to the water, and walked in.

"How deep in am I?" he asked the water; and he would have asked again, but just then he stepped off the bottom and went down. He came up again in a minute, and floated, struggling, downstream.

Some little boys at play on the river-bank saw the deer's antlers drifting by, and threw stones at them. They hit the skull and split it, and released Nānibozhu, who popped up his head. The little chaps were frightened when they saw this happen. Nānibozhu came out of the water and went to Winnipeg.

(10) *Nānibozhu is fooled by the Rushes.*¹

Once, when Nānibozhu was walking along, he heard the noise of a great dance going on. "Oh, I must go to that!" thought he. So he hurried on until he saw a great crowd dancing, and he rushed to join them.

All day long they danced furiously, and all night long they stamped and bent without cessation. When dawn arrived, Nānibozhu was worn out, and heartily wished the dance was over. When the sun rose, however, he discovered that he had not been dancing with people at all; for he found himself standing in the midst of a field of bulrushes, whose gyrations in the breeze had resembled Indians dancing.

¹ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 45, 181).

(11) *Nänibozhu and the Windigo.*¹

One time Nänibozhu was out walking, when he met a Windigo (cannibal), who glared hungrily at him and ordered him to go and fetch a nice straight spit. Nänibozhu was dreadfully frightened, for he knew that the Windigo wanted the spit for no other purpose than that of roasting him: so he cut the most crooked one he could find. He brought it back to the Windigo, who was angry, and, after scolding him, sent him to cut another. Nänibozhu, weeping bitterly, went back, and wasted as much time as possible in finding a still more crooked stick, and brought it to the cannibal. This time the Windigo was furious, and, in great rage, sent him back again to secure a straight one. The Windigo fell asleep.

Just as before, Nänibozhu procured a wretched bent spit, and started to bring it back, when he met Weasel. "O younger brother!" he cried, "you must help me kill this Windigo. You run up his anus and bite his heart." This the weasel did, and the cannibal woke up. "Oh!" he cried, "I am not feeling well." Then to Nänibozhu, "Where's that spit?" When he saw it, he was provoked. "Oh, that is useless! Go and get me a straight one!"

This time Nänibozhu did get a fine straight spit, and returned with it to the Windigo; but in the mean time Weasel had been biting the cannibal's heart, so he died before he could use it on Nänibozhu.

Then Nänibozhu called Weasel to him. "Now I shall reward you, my younger brother," he said, so he made the weasel very white. Then he took an eagle-feather and tied it to the weasel's tail, which accounts for the black tip.

(12) *End of Nänibozhu.*

It is said that Nänibozhu met a manitou, and asked him for the gift of immortality: so the manitou turned him into a stone.²

(13) *Origin of the Nibiked.*³

A man came to Nänibozhu when he was a ghost. "*Nicim*," said Nänibozhu, "I've wanted to see you for a long time." Nänibozhu shook an old rattle. "The Indians shall always use this," said he.

He had also an old brass kettle about half full of water. He gave the man the clairvoyant bones, which he swallowed. As soon as he had done this, he could hear the rattle, which he could not do before.

¹ Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 197).

² The Menominee have a story in which Mä'näbus turns a man into a stone because he had the temerity to ask to live forever.

³ A myth was collected from the Menominee, where Mä'näbus secures certain rites accounting for the origin of the Je'sako, the Menominee doctor's cult corresponding to the Nibiked.

He was then told by Nänibozhu to drink the water in the kettle from where he stood, and he was astonished to find that he could suck it up from a distance.

"You are young," said Nänibozhu, "don't try to cure people until you have a son. When he becomes a man, you may start in."

(14) *Nänibozhu turns a Man to Stone.*

The Ojibwa say that once Nänibozhu was at home when he beat on a water-drum. Four men heard it, and travelled towards the sound. They went on for eight days, but still it seemed to be as far away as ever. All at once they came to it, and received various medicines from Nänibozhu. These medicines were very strong. He told them, "That's why I was drumming, to call you." He then promised to grant the four anything they should ask for.

Three of the men asked to live until their hair was white. The fourth begged for eternal life; then Nänibozhu turned him into a stone of the sort used in the sweat-lodge.

(15) *Nänibozhu deceives the Buffaloes.*

Nänibozhu tied knives to two trees, and caused them to fight. A couple of buffaloes came over to see what was up, but fled when they saw Nänibozhu.

"Come back!" he called, "I won't hurt you. These two men are fighting because of an argument as to which of you two is the fatter. Wait till I smell you and see."

The buffaloes allowed him to come close enough to examine them, when he stabbed the cow and killed her.

2. THE MAGIC FLIGHT.¹

Once a man and his wife and their two little boys lived in the forest. Every day, while the husband was gone, his wife submitted to the embraces of a man who lived in a tree near by. She would comb her hair, paint her face, and knock on the tree, then he would come out. One day her husband returned unexpectedly and caught them. He slew the man, and cut off his wife's head. Then he gave his oldest son four things, — an awl, a needle, a bit of thread, and a knife. He told him, "If that head follows you, throw away these things. Throw the awl first, and say, 'Big mountains with ravines must rise up!' Then throw away the needle, and say, 'There will be thorns!' Then throw away the thread, and say, 'Let there be horned snakes!' Then throw the knife, and say, 'Let it be a big river!' If I am killed, the sky will be red at sunset."

¹ For references, see Boas, BBAE 59 : 304 (note 1); Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 405).

Then the father went off, and the boys fled. The body followed the man, but the head chased the boys.

The boys fled, the eldest carrying the other on his back. Presently the head began to draw near; and they heard it cry, "Hold on, hold on! my dear son, I am going to nurse your little brother!"

The boy then threw away the awl, and a great mountain arose; but the head found a cleft, and rolled through. When it caught up again, the boy threw away his needle, saying, "Be thou a thorn-bush!" The hair of the head caught there and held it back; but it begged a worm to cut its hair, and it escaped. It said to the worm, "If you help me, you may marry me!" — "How?" asked the worm. "Oh, per foramen magnum!"

The worm took its pay; and the head followed, and nearly caught up with the boys. Then the boy threw away his thread, and it became a horned snake. The head rolled up to it and bounced around, begging the snake to let it by. "If you do, you may marry me." — "How?" asked the horned snake. "Oh, per foramen magnum."

The snake agreed, and, raising itself, let it by. Presently the head nearly caught up again with the fugitives. So the eldest boy threw away his knife, and called for a river. The head could not get across; but there was a pelican there, and it begged the pelican to help it. "If you do so, you may marry me." — "How?" — "Oh, per foramen magnum!" — "All right! but there's a seat on the back of my neck; don't touch it as I ferry you over." However, the head disobeyed, so the pelican dumped it in the river. The eldest boy threw a stone at it and broke it open.

That evening the sky was red, so the children knew their father had been killed.¹

3. RACCOON AND CRAWFISH.²

A raccoon lay by the water's edge, playing dead. All the crawfish came out and felt him all over. Suddenly he sprang up and devoured them. When he was all finished, he found two little ones, so small that he had overlooked them. The larger one was carrying the other on its back. When they saw him, they began to weep, and say, —

"Asipûn änosinäm!"

("Raccoon, me too!")

"Oh, no!" he replied, "you are too small."

¹ The narrator said that there was more to this story, but that all that he could remember was that the wolves took care of the younger brother after the older one had lost him. The rest of the tale is no doubt the regular lost wolf-brother story of the Algonkin.

² See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 729).

4. FIRST-BORN (MUTCIKIWIS).¹

First-Born (*mutcikiwis*) and his seven brothers, who were all good hunters, went hunting one day; and when they came home, they saw a pile of wood at the door, and saw some one else there. First-Born said, "One of us is wanted. A woman is doing this." So First-Born said, "I will stay at home to-morrow all day;" but nobody came. The others came home, but there was no woman there. The next brother staid the next day, but no one came; then the next one, and no one came; then the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh staid, but the woman did not return. Then the youngest brother staid at home. As soon as all were gone, a pack of wood fell down, and a woman walked in and sat down.

In the evening First-Born came home first. He said, "*Ninimitokatukosiuk änn h.*" He was angry, wishing that the woman had come to him. He continued to go hunting, but he would sneak back to the place where the woman was gathering wood. He saw that every time she motioned to a tree with her fist, the tree would fall to pieces. First-Born watched her the next day. He shot and killed her; and she went up in the air, as she was a *manitu penäsi*.

First-Born came home last that evening. He said, "Where is my sister-in-law *änn h?*" The youngest brother was downhearted. First-Born knew by his manitou power that his brother would follow his wife. He asked him to be careful, as the undertaking was dangerous.

The youth went out, and saw tracks. He had two arrows. One of them he shot up into the air. In the evening the arrow dropped along a trail, and there was a tepee in which an old woman was sitting. "Nosis, come in!" The old woman had a thimble. She put it on the fire (and put one grain of rice into it ²). The youth was disappointed. The old woman said, "Nosis, don't feel that way! No one can empty my kettle." He ate until he had enough. When he could eat no more, the kettle was empty. The old woman knew who her guest was. She gave him dew-claws of the moose, and said, "You are going to a difficult place. Your wife passed yesterday. To-morrow night you will come to my sister, she will help you."

In the morning he shot his second arrow, and followed it. In the evening it fell, and he found a camp in which a still older woman was sitting. She gave him to eat. "You are going to a difficult place. Your wife went there the day before yesterday." She gave him two buffalo-horns. "You will meet my sister to-morrow evening."

The same thing happened as on the day before. He shot an arrow, and it fell in the evening. He met a very old woman, who said,

¹ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 133).

² Supplemented from Jones's version.

"Sit down, grandchild!" She prepared food for him in a tiny kettle, which he was unable to empty. She said, "Your wife passed three days ago in the morning. I am next to the last sister whom you will pass. Be careful! No one ever returns who follows this woman." She gave him the two short ribs of a buffalo.

On the following day he shot an arrow and followed it. In the evening he came to a very, very old woman, who said, "Sit down, sit down!" He did not sleep that night. In the morning she said, "Four days ago your wife went back. What did the first grandmother give you?" — "Moose-claws." — "Use them first as you go up the mountain. What did you get next?" — "Horns." — "Use them when you have used up the claws. Be careful with them! What did you get next?" — "Ribs." — "The first three gifts will take you quite a ways; then you will climb up hand over hand by means of the ribs; then you will become a squirrel and jump up on a knife mountain. It is a bad place to which you are going. No one has ever returned. At the foot of the mountains you will see skeletons of men. That is her doing. When you reach the sharp top, do not look back. You will see a camp of tents away off, and in the largest tent your wife stays. When you go in, you will see eight women all in a row. Your wife is next to the door. Go in and sit down by her. Then she will say, 'What are you sitting here for? Your wife is over there!' She will say that three times. Then you will feel them move. Take hold of your wife, and cling to her. When you come to, they will all be standing at the edge of that mountain. Hold her tighter than ever; and when you come to, you will be back in the tent."

So he started off. All happened as the old woman had told. When they were back in the tent, his father-in-law said, "There must be some one related to him. Take him home! There are seven brothers; he is the eighth." The youth was very glad. The old man said, "Each girl shall give him two quills, so that he can go as fast as you." They started all together. All at once he recognized the spot where he and his brothers had lived. They all landed together. Then he went ahead to the camp, leaving the girls behind. He saw nothing but ashes, tracks of animals, birds, bears, rabbits, squirrels, and gophers leading to the tent. He put his head inside and called his brothers. He said, "I have come home!" The brothers replied, "That is what these animals say to fool us," and they threw ashes in his eyes. He spoke again, and the same thing happened. First-Born, however, said, "It has never happened that the same words were repeated twice." He opened his eyes with his fingers, for they were swollen from weeping, and he saw his youngest brother. He cried, "Our poor brother has come home!" He cleaned the tent

and set it in order. Then the youngest brother went out, after telling his brothers that he had married the youngest girl. He brought in the next elder one, and gave her to his next elder brother. First-Born said, "*Ann!* it is queer that the youngest brothers get married first." After this he called the other sisters in order, and gave them to his brothers in the order of age. Finally the eldest girl came in with a sounding-thimble dress. She sat down with First-Born. Then First-Born took his war-club and hit a mound near the door, crying, "I'll kill a bear!" He killed one, and pulled it into the tent. He said, "That is the way to do when you are going to get married, '*aannh!*'"

5. TURTLE'S WAR-PARTY.¹

Once upon a time Snapping-Turtle (*mikana'k*) thought he would go to war. So he turned to the north, and began to sing,² —

"Hawene kewetciwaki n'dje andopaneya'?"

("Who will go with me to hunt the enemy?")

Presently up came Owl (*koko'koho*). "I will go!" he cried. "What will you do if we meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. Owl hovered noiselessly about for a moment, and then pounced down to the earth. "Oh, you are no good! You would be shot at once!" cried Turtle, dismissing him.

Then Turtle faced the east, and began to sing, —

"Hawene kewetciwake n'dje andopaneya'?"

In a short time Raven appeared. "I will go!" he cried. "What can you do if we meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. Raven circled, and swooped down out of the sky. "Oh, you won't do!" declared Turtle. "You would be shot in an instant."

So he turned to the south, and began to sing, —

"Hawene kewetciwake n'dje andopaneya'?"

Instantly Kekek (a species of hawk) came dashing up. "I will go!" he volunteered. "What would you be able to do if we should meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. The hawk flew high into the heavens, and pounced down with great speed. "Oh, you are no good!" cried Turtle. "You are too slow, you would be shot at once."

So Turtle turned his face to the west, and sang, —

"Hawene kewetciwake n'dje andopaneya'?"

By and by Mûskudesê (a small species of tortoise) came crawling up. "I will go!" he offered. "What would you be able to do if we should

¹ See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 113, 339; Radin, G. S. Can. 48 : 61).

² For the calling of animals, compare RBAE 31 : 850.

meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. Straightway the little thing began thrusting its head and neck in and out of its shell, snapping and drawing back. "Oh, yes! that's fine! If you are hit with a tomahawk, you will never be hurt!" cried Turtle, delighted. So he called to him a whole army of little tortoises for soldiers and led them away.

At night the warriors arrived at the camp of the enemy. They hid in the brush and held council until early dawn, when they rushed to the attack. Fortunately for the Indians, an old woman had arisen very early and gone out to ease herself. As she was arranging her dress, she heard a scuffling and a scratching in the leaves, and, looking up, she saw the army bearing down upon her. Hastily fixing her clothes, she snatched up one of the foremost tortoises and ran home, shouting, "Get your bags, get your bags! The Turtles are upon us!"

All the people sprang from their beds, snatched up their bags, ran out, and captured the whole army. While they were busy catching the warriors, old Snapping-Turtle ran back around another way into the village, and entered one of the tents. There he saw a large wooden bowl turned upside down, and under it he crawled. Meantime the Indians carried the other turtles home, and began to cook and eat them. A little boy was sent to get the wooden bowl; and when he lifted it up, lo and behold! there was Snapping-Turtle, and nobody could guess where he came from.

When Turtle was captured, all the elders were called to counsel how to kill him.¹ "Oh, throw him into the fire!" said one. "Better not!" retorted Turtle, "I'll throw the brands out on you." — "Oh, perhaps that's so!" said the counsellors. "Let us boil him!" — "Better not," cried Turtle, "I'll spatter the hot water all over you." — "Let us take an axe and chop him up!" suggested another. — "Oh, you cannot do that!" said Turtle. "Your women will have no axes to use; they will break on my back."

Just then a little boy who was standing at the door said, "Oh, I know what to do with him! Throw him into the river." Whereupon Turtle began to feign terror, and wail, "Oh, don't! that's what I'm afraid of." — "Oh, then that's what we shall do to you! Now we know!" cried the Indians in triumph. So they grabbed him by the tail and legs, and dragged him, kicking and struggling, down to the river, where they threw him in, just as he desired.

There were two young girls undergoing their puberty-fast together in a little lodge out in the woods. That night Snapping-Turtle crawled out of the water and went there. He peeped into the lodge; and there he saw the girls lying, one on each side, sound asleep. So he drew his knife and crawled in. He cut off the head of the first one, and then the other; then he scalped them, and went back to the river.

¹ See BBAE 59: 305 (note 2).

Early in the morning Turtle crawled on a big rock that stood in the water, and by and by the people heard him singing his war-song, —

“Niwawa tigatiwa!”
 (“My legs are half crooked!”)

The mother of the two girls he had killed took her comb and went out to dress their hair; but when she arrived at their lodge, she found them murdered, with the heads lying one on each side of the door. She dropped the door-covering, and rushed home to tell her husband. “And that’s the one who did it, [the one] who is singing over there!” she cried.

Then all the Indians got together a big war-party, and went down to the river, where they could see Turtle sitting defiantly on the rock and singing. It happened that Otter was then married into the tribe, and he volunteered to go and avenge the girls. So he led all the people to the brink, took off all his clothes, and dived in and swam. Snapping-Turtle saw what was happening, so he flapped into the water and swam to meet Otter. When Otter swam by over him, he reached up and bit his testicles. At once Otter screamed, “*Heuh—e!* Snapping-Turtle is biting me!” — “Where?” shouted the crowd. “*Niyan!*” yelled Otter. He should have shouted “*Ninakan*, my testicles!” but he was ashamed, because some of his wife’s relatives were in the multitude. “Oh, where did you say?” — “Oh, it’s *ninakan* (*ninago*)!” he shrieked at last. “He won’t let me go till the Thunderers come.”¹

The Indians tried to deceive Turtle. They got a tambourine drum, and began to beat it in imitation of the Thunderers. “Oh, no!” cried Turtle, “you can’t fool me, that’s only a drum.” So the Indians were obliged to get some one to run and call the Thunderers;² and as soon as Snapping-Turtle heard them, he let go. Poor Otter was badly hurt: so, when he got out of the water, he wrapped himself in a blanket, and called his wife’s sister to sew him up.

6. VAGINA DENTATA.

There was once a pretty girl who got married, but her husband soon died. After an interval she married again; but again her spouse, and after him another man, died. The brother of the third man began to wonder how this could be: so he asked the girl what the trouble was, but she was unable to tell him. At last the youth married

¹ This identical incident is found in the Menominee version. Do we owe to the Indians the popular superstition that the snapping-tortoise will never release anything it has bitten until it thunders? See also the note in Jones, PAES 7 (pt. 2): 346.

² I have reason to believe that a portion of the story has here been omitted. The Menominee version makes the Indians try three times unsuccessfully before calling the Thunderers; and in Bûngi stories, as well as those of the Menominee, things go by fours. See Jones, PAES 7 (pt. 2): 347.

her to see if he could find out. He did not embrace her for quite a while, for he was afraid; but he lay awake thinking about it. One night, however, he dreamed of his dead brother, who told him that if he embraced the girl he would die. Next day, when the youth was hunting, he found a long, thin, black stone, which he took home and hid. That night he pretended that he was going to embrace his wife, but instead he thrust the stone into her. At once he heard a gritting, scratching noise, and his wife straightway refused his attentions.

The next day, when it became light, he looked at the stone, and found some teeth upon it. Upon examination, they turned out to be snakes' teeth. He told the old people, who killed the girl, and found a large snake inside of her.

7. WAR-CLUB OWNER (*WÄMISKOPOGÄMAGÛN*).

(Collected at Manitowoc, Wis.)

There were two brothers. The elder one was named War-Club Owner (*wämiskopogämagûn*). They lived not far from a powerful witch, who killed all children as fast as they were born. War-Club Owner smuggled away his younger brother as soon as he was born, in order to give him a chance to grow up; for the witch had killed their parents. The lad soon grew up to be a man, and hunted all the time. The elder brother staid behind to watch the camp and prepare the game. Meantime the young man began to wish he was married, and wondered if there were any Indians near by. It was summer; and as he hunted, he daily passed a certain little lake by which his trail ran. Each day he heard two young girls laugh, "Ti hi! There goes War-Club Owner's little brother!" Each time he tried to see them, but failed, for these girls were really two little frogs. One day he sneaked up to them, and caught both. He put them under his shirt, and carried them all day on his hunt. Every evening War-Club Owner used to wait on him when he returned. The younger brother had his own wooden bowl from which he ate. War-Club Owner would fill this with food and offer it to his younger brother. Then the younger brother would take off his moccasins, and War-Club Owner would hang them out to dry.

The youth hid his two girls secretly; and when night fell, they went to bed, and the younger brother put one frog by each ear, as though he had two wives. He then listened to them. They both spoke to him softly, as he lay there. The elder sister would say one thing, the other another, and he was terribly puzzled whom to obey. The elder one lay next the wall; the younger one, on the outside; and it was the latter whom he loved most and to whom he listened. This made the elder sister jealous. She said, "What do you wish

our husband to bring home from his hunt to-night? Let us tell him now!" — "Yes! What do you want?" — "Oh, a deer's shoulder for roasting. — And you?" — "Oh, I should like the side of a fawn!" cried the other. "Oh, that is very hard for me to do," said the youth. "I cannot do it, for the reason that this cook here, my elder brother, is to have what I bring; and when I get a deer, I dress it and take it whole to him. He butchers it, and all I get from him is what he puts in my dish." — "Unless you can get it from him, it will be of no use." — "I think I can manage it, though, by asking him to cook those parts and put them in my dish for me." — "All right!" said the younger girl; "you know I like it, because I like to get fat from the bones."

In the morning the younger brother asked his elder brother for these parts. After breakfast the youth gathered up robes, and hid his two little wives in the midst of his bedding. When he ate, the girls ate too, but they were hidden. In the evening the younger brother came back, and War-Club Owner gave him supper. After supper they all went to bed. The two women talked again to War-Club Owner's brother, and he paid more attention to the younger one. Therefore the elder sister became very jealous; and all at once she crawled over her husband, and wanted to fight her little sister. She also beat her husband; and when she was once across, she pulled her sister's hair. "What is the matter with you, that you talk so much to my sister and never to me? I'll whip both of you!" — "Why, I cannot pay attention to both of you at once, for you both talk at once; and, anyway, your sister has a sweeter voice, and I love her most."

At last they were fighting dreadfully, hopping over him back and forth. "Keep still!" said the husband, "or my brother will hear you and throw you out."

In the morning they had breakfast, and the youth wrapped up his two little wives in his blankets. Then War-Club Owner swept up, and began to shake the robes: out fell the two little frogs. "Haa! the dirty little frogs that are in my brother's blankets! How nasty! I suppose they have been soiling his blankets!" He grabbed both by the legs to throw them out. As he threw the one, she cried, "Stop! brother-in-law." War-Club Owner understood her, and said, "Oh, is it you who would be sister-in-law to me? Never! I hate you little frogs who have urinated on my little brother's blankets." He threw them away down the hunting-trail which his brother followed. They lay there dead.

When the young man returned, he found them, and said, "Oh, my! why should he do that to me, — kill both of my wives?" He went in and threw down his game. War-Club Owner acted in the same

manner as usual. The youth took off his moccasins, and War-Club Owner dished up the food, and hung up his moccasins. The youth refused to eat, and lay down and covered face and head, weeping and mourning over his two wives. The cook, his brother, heard him sob, and noticed that he did not eat.

"Brother, why don't you eat?" There was no answer. War-Club Owner returned again. "Rise, brother, and eat! It cannot be that you are weeping for those two dirty little frogs that I threw away because they were soiling your blankets! Rise! Be a man! O brother! aren't you ashamed to have had those two frogs for wives? Nobody does that! That's why I got rid of them. But if you really want a wife, I'll help you get a human one. Rise and eat! There is a good woman over yonder, where some people live, and I will help you if you will obey me. It will take quite a while to get there."

So the younger brother rose and ate, and War-Club Owner told him to hunt diligently to get meat, and skin for courting-clothes. The next morning War-Club Owner began to scrape and tan three deer-skins, and soon finished them. He dyed them black, and made a suit and leggings for his little brother, and three pairs of moccasins. The brother then prepared meat enough for three days. He gave all to his brother, and said, "Go! Your trip will take three days, and you will find a village of Indians in which your bride dwells." Then War-Club Owner further advised his younger brother, "You will sleep out two nights, and on the third day you will arrive. When you get to the edge of the village, you will see four men grinding corn with mortars and pestles. When you come up, they will say, 'Stop and have a mouthful of our flour!' Pay no attention to them, do not take a grain of it, or they will overcome you and exchange their power for yours, and you will be overcome."

All this came to pass, and the youth saw that the four men were hunch-backs. One of them offered him a little meal. He disregarded his brother's warning, and took it. Instantly the hunch-back seized him by the neck, slapped him, and broke his back. "Here, you! take my place!" he cried.

The hunch-back was now the image of the youth, and started out. War-Club Owner, who was observing all this from his home through his magic power, started right out on a run, and soon arrived at the place. He saw the four hunch-backs. "Oh, it is too bad! It is awful!" he cried. "You know I warned you, and yet you did it." He scolded his brother; and as he did so, another hunch-back offered him meal. War-Club Owner pushed away the proffered meal, and spilled it. "You hunch-backs have ruined my brother!" he roared. War-Club Owner started off and caught the false brother, and carried him back to the four hunch-backs. "Take your own place right there!"

he cried. Then he took his own brother, laid him face down, jumped on his back, and walked up and down until he had straightened him out. "Go, now, where I sent you before, and do as I told you. I warn you again, be more careful in obeying me! I took you away into the wilderness when you were tiny, in order to keep you away from these evil powers, and now you were caught! Now look out!"

The youth set out again, and, while going, he noticed a stump cut off. When he saw it, he knew it to be human work, and felt anxious. He kicked it over to see how long it had been cut. "Oh, I am near to them, and I will hurry!" he thought. In the afternoon he arrived at the village. He saw many round lodges. He went up quietly and went in, but he found no one there. He went to several lodges, and found them all empty. All had been inhabited, but were now deserted. At last he found a little log-house elevated on stakes above ground. Its door was tied securely. It looked fresh; so he gathered logs and piled them up until he could climb up far enough to reach the door. He could not undo the door; therefore he took his knife and cut the strings. There he saw a beautiful girl seated inside. He looked at her, and she was dead, and arrayed in a beautiful dress covered with silver brooches. The youth stared and stared, and finally spoke to her for some time; but she neither moved nor answered. So he took her in his arms and carried her down.

He took her to the nearest lodge, and placed her as though sitting on the bed-scaffold. He built a fire, and used part of the lodge for fuel. He cooked a delicious meal with broth. Having finished, he offered her food as though she were living, and then he ate; but the woman neither moved nor spoke. At night he laid her down and covered her tenderly, and slept beside her. On the next morning he arose and set up the woman, cooked, and offered her food. Then he carried her off towards home. His brother War-Club Owner was now at home. He saw the youth in his sleep, and observed what he was doing with the corpse. "*Paxpiniswûg!* He is in love with a corpse!" he cried. Her relatives will find that the girl's body has been stolen, and they will follow him and make trouble." Then War-Club Owner beat his drum, and sang all night, trying to restore the girl to life. The second night the youth made camp, and offered food to the girl. To his great delight, when he held food before her face, she bit off a tiny piece. During the night she suddenly spoke to him: "Why, you have restored me to life!" The youth was almost transported with joy. "Oh, how happy I am now! and how glad I am that I no longer am married to those two little frogs!" In the morning the woman said, "Let us try hard to get to your home!"—"Are you able to go?"—"Why, yes, I am alive now, and can easily do so." They hurried, and finally reached home before sunset.

The youth said, "Remain outside, and let me go in alone first." He entered. "You have arrived," said War-Club Owner. "Yes, and I have brought a woman." — "Where is she?" — "Outside." So War-Club Owner went out, and said, "Well, my new sister, come in!"

She was very lovely and well dressed; and they soon learned that she was the daughter of a chief of a famous and powerful family. The girl had an elder sister and a brother, who had gone hunting, and had deserted the village. War-Club Owner still cared for the camp, and helped his sister-in-law to keep their home, while the youth hunted, as usual. War-Club Owner loved his sister-in-law and respected her; he would not let her get wood or water. One day when the sister-in-law was making moccasins and quill-work, and patching moccasins, in came a very tall man. He entered, and sat down by the woman. All at once he said to the woman, "Come on, now!" She paid no attention. "Go away!" — "No, come on! you must come!" He locked his arm with hers and dragged her away. At the door War-Club Owner cried, "He! what are you doing? Stop!" War-Club Owner took hold of her and held her back. "Let her alone!" he shouted; but the big man was too strong, and pulled her, until the girl nearly came apart; then War-Club Owner let go, and the stranger carried her off. He was an evil power, who did nothing but steal other men's wives, taking them to his lodge. When the youth came home, and missed his wife, he felt dreadfully, and asked his brother where she was. "Oh, she has been stolen from us; and I did the best I could, but I was overcome. He took her home by the hunch-back's trail. I shall try to get her back, and maybe I shall succeed." — "Well, I'll go too!" — "Oh, no! you have no power at all. What can you do? You will be overcome at once." — "Oh, no! she is my wife, and it is right for me to protect and defend her." — "All right, if you think you can! but you know how you are. You will not obey me, and you will only get into trouble again."

This made the youth so angry, that he started out alone; but War-Club Owner warned him once more about hunch-backs. "Well, if you will go, I shall stay here and keep house."

The youth came to four hunch-backs, who cried, "He! War-Club Owner's brother is on his way after his wife." They offered him some meal, and he accepted it at once, and was again overcome by them. The hunch-back who duped him then went off in the youth's shape. War-Club Owner saw it all from his lodge, and started out. "We see War-Club Owner coming after his sister-in-law," cried the cripples. War-Club Owner was displeased when he saw his brother. "Why on earth did you make such a fool of yourself a second time? Now go home!" and War-Club Owner straightened him out. "You cannot obey, you are weak. You are no good."

The younger brother did as he was ordered. "If you obey me, you will surely get her back," called the other. War-Club Owner set out for the tall man's hut. He found a spring close to the lodge, where the women usually went to get water. War-Club Owner hid close by the spring to watch for his sister-in-law, to attract her attention or to meet her on the path. While War-Club Owner was there, she chanced to come to the spring, and he stole up to meet her. "Oh, I am glad to see you! It will come out fine if you will only listen to me. I have come to get you, and remember what I am now going to say. You were dead, but I brought you to the enjoyment of life again, and we shall even be better to you than we were. But now you are in miserable captivity among this man's other wives. Now, this is how you can easily get away. Go to draw water, and in dipping it up you will see a little white-hair snake. Take it and wrap it up, and hide it on your person, and go back and ask your captor to let you louse him. You will get out your hair-snake and thrust it into his ear, and it will go in of itself. I am the one who will appear to be a hair-snake. Keep fumbling with his head meanwhile. All at once he will say to you and his other women, 'Oh, I have a headache!' Then you say to the others, 'Let us make a sweat-bath for him, and cure him!' They will agree. Order some to get three or four stones and heat them, and some to build a bough structure for the bath; and make it tight. He will want more and more; and when he asks for it, put bear-oil on him and the stones, and he will burn; then hold him down till he is in ashes. Then go in and stir the ashes, and find me as a hair-snake. Take me and carry me to the spring and leave me."

All this she did faithfully, as she was told. The stolen wife sent the others to get their captor into a bath-house and make him sweat. Then the wife said, "Pour water on stones to heat him and remove the ache." At last she put on the oil, and it began to scald him on his body, and from the stones it blazed up, and they held down the flap of the lodge. "He he! what are all you dogs doing? You are killing me!"

The woman answered, "What can we do? We are only trying to relieve you. You talk nonsense. You asked for this, now take it!"

Afterwards the girl found the hair-snake in the ashes.

War-Club Owner had said that the captor's bones would be left, and ordered the girl to pulverize them, so that he could not come to life. She obeyed, and War-Club Owner was delighted. "It has freed all these women. Now they may all go to their homes and husbands whence they were stolen, and you shall come home with me. This villain has killed the husbands of some of these women, and their bones bleach on the earth. Now we will go to the hunch-backs and straighten them, and send them home; they too were tortured by this scamp, with his great power."

War-Club Owner went there, and cured the hunch-backs, so that they were restored to youthful shape and looks.

"Now stand here, and let me show you my power!" he ordered. He turned to the women and called them up too. Then War-Club Owner took his large and powerful bow and flint-tipped arrows. "Before you go, I want to show you my power, who I am, and what I can do. It is I who have released you all. Here about us lie the bones of these women's husbands!" He cried, and shot into the air. "Watch!" he cried; and as the arrow fell, he yelled, "He! All of you stand up, or it will fall on you!" The bones came together again and became men. "Now all of you take your wives and go home to your places." He cried, and they all shook hands with one another and with War-Club Owner. Then he said, "Rather do you owe your thanks to my sister-in-law; she was the cause of all this, through me. All of you thank her."

Meantime the poor brother was hunting, and had prepared a large supply of provisions. After they had been home for a while, War-Club Owner ordered the youth to take his wife and go and visit her parents, as they must have returned and the trail was open. They only took a little luggage. When they arrived, she knew the place, and led her husband to the lodge where her parents lived, and they entered. All were there.

"Do you know me, mother?" — "Oh, yes!" — "I have returned to life, and War-Club Owner did it. This is his brother, my husband."

Her parents were very glad, and they staid there. The parents were so glad, that they made them sit in the place of honor. On the second day, War-Club Owner looked from home, and saw all that went on.

"Now I will show my power to my father-in-law and mother-in-law. They shall have in their rawhide boxes all this meat that I have been preparing so long. Let all this go to my mother-in-law in her sleep! Let it go to her lodge through the smoke-hole, and arrange itself around them!" The instant he said this, the meat left silently; but it so crowded the old man, that he was awakened, and exclaimed. His wife rebuked him; but, when she felt the same, she arose and looked, made a fire, saw all these gifts, and said, "Old man, keep still! Our lodge is stocked with the best of meat. Be happy! Don't complain!"

Their son-in-law was there too; so the old man said, "Our son-in-law War-Club Owner sent this here. We take it thankfully." Next night the old man took garters, fancy garments, red sashes, and mats, and commanded them to go to War-Club Owner as a return present; and it was so. The old lady sent woven bags filled with wild rice and sweet corn, and sugar in *mococks*. The old man had another daughter;

and so they decided to give her to War-Club Owner, and said to their daughter, "Take your sister to War-Club Owner to be his wife."

Now it was well with War-Club Owner. The old people said he was good, and deserved all these benefits. When their daughter returned, she took the girl. The youth made her wait outside, took his own wife in, and said to War-Club Owner, "We have brought you a wife, and she is here."

War-Club Owner was so pleased, that he sprang, and fell half way to the door, and went out and cried, "Come in! I accept you gladly."

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